

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

APRIL 1943

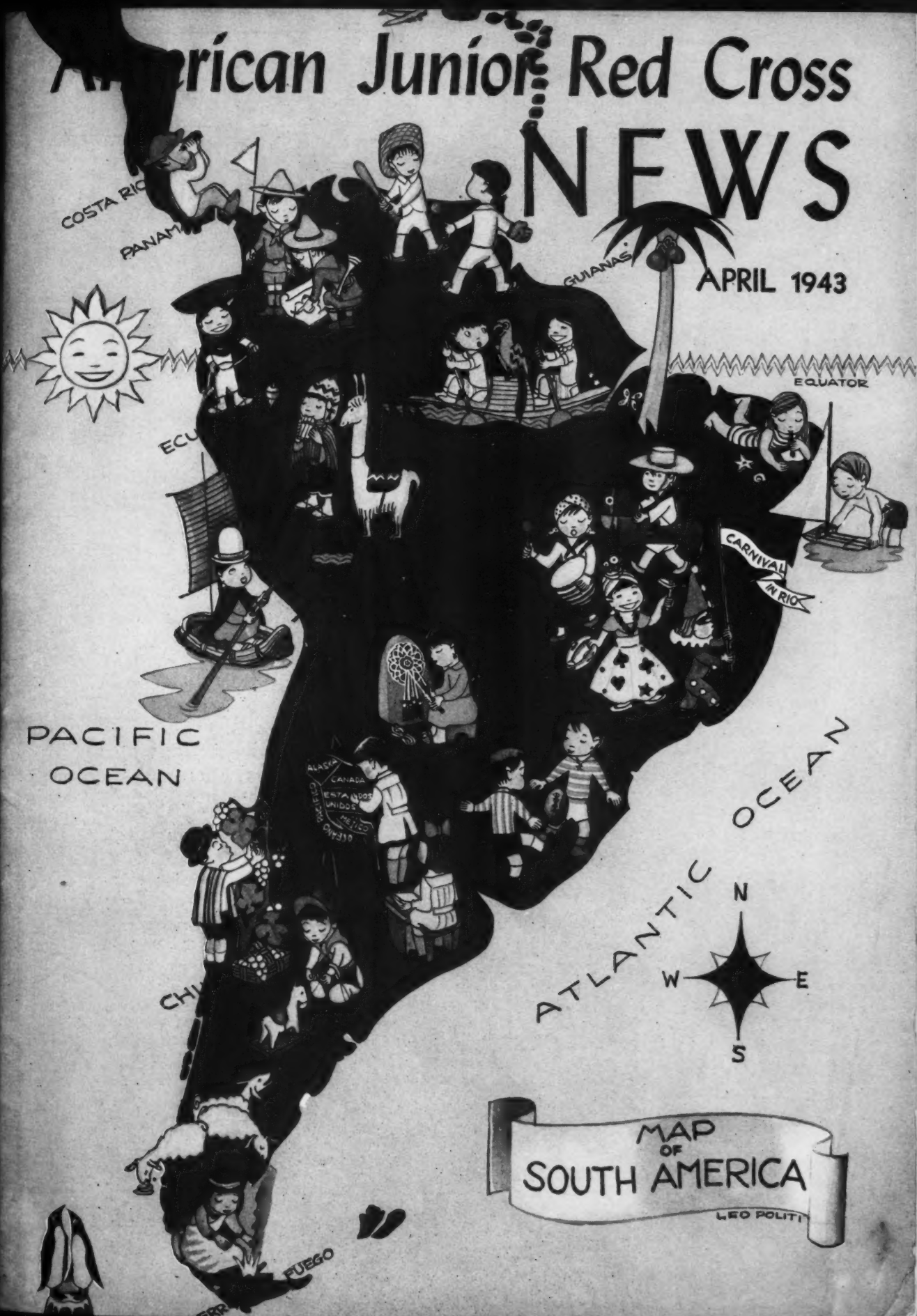
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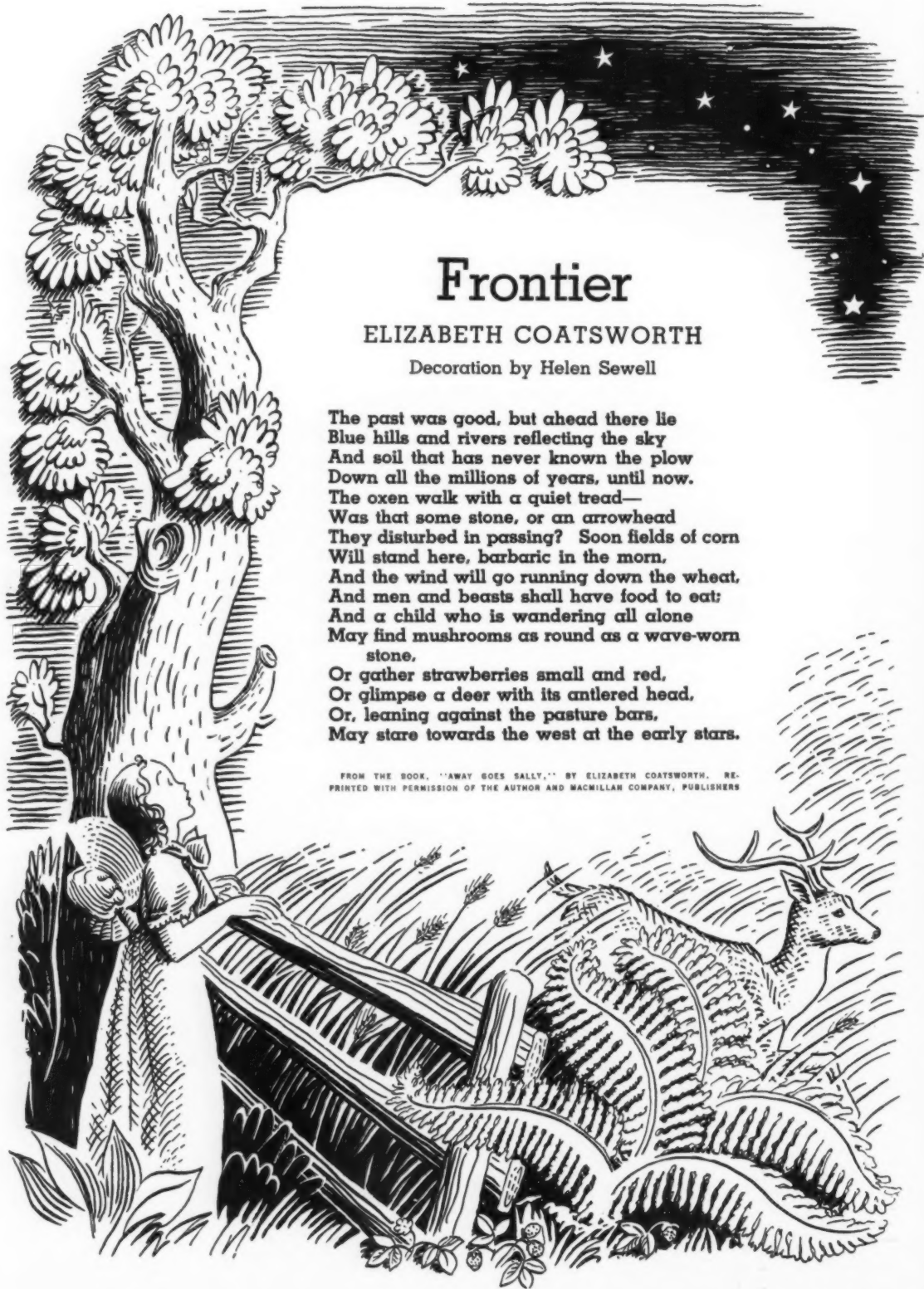
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MAP
OF
SOUTH AMERICA

LEO POLITI





Frontier

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Decoration by Helen Sewell

The past was good, but ahead there lie
Blue hills and rivers reflecting the sky
And soil that has never known the plow
Down all the millions of years, until now.
The oxen walk with a quiet tread—
Was that some stone, or an arrowhead
They disturbed in passing? Soon fields of corn
Will stand here, barbaric in the morn,
And the wind will go running down the wheat,
And men and beasts shall have food to eat:
And a child who is wandering all alone
May find mushrooms as round as a wave-worn
stone,
Or gather strawberries small and red,
Or glimpse a deer with its antlered head,
Or, leaning against the pasture bars,
May stare towards the west at the early stars.

FROM THE BOOK, "AWAY GOES SALLY," BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. RE-
PRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR AND MACMILLAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

JOYCE: I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE
YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE BOXES OF

They gave schoolbooks and toys to



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



UNITED BY SERVING

A FAITH-FULL EASTER

—Make Easter a season of new hope for as many groups as you can reach with your greetings.

Make springtime gifts, as service to the armed forces. Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to help you select favors you can make, from the latest lists.

If there is an Induction Center nearby, can you keep a cookie jar filled?

Make Easter and May Day favors for hospitalized veterans.

Make art greeting cards for the men to send home on Mother's Day. Have them at the hospitals by May 1st.

Help with Red Cross production. Have a show called "On Pins and Needles." Charge pins and needles for admission and contribute them to your Chapter for Red Cross Kit Bags.

Ask your teacher why the Navy has told the Red Cross not to put chewing gum into Kit Bags any more.

Collect recent magazines of interest to the men. Have your Junior Red Cross Chairman send them to centers where they will be enjoyed. Make art binders for them.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE BOXES OF



UNITED BY SERVING

WITH CHILDREN OF OTHER COUNTRIES—Have a "United Nations Conference."

Let each grade choose one country and decorate the room to indicate industries, products, or other phases of life in that country. Work up acts to illustrate the art, music, and other forms of culture.

Exhibit your United Nations scrapbooks and Junior Red Cross School Correspondence albums received this year. Have talks, based on things you have learned through the albums.

Make up a play based on thank-you letters received, or read in the *JRC News*, for Gift Boxes sent by American members.

Tell about service of members in other countries. *For example:* JRC members in Switzerland sent food, clothes, toys and books to children of Alsace-Lorraine.

A group in France adopted devastated schools, made furniture and toys, collected schoolbooks, and sent food from their own rations.

Members in Hungary continued their old project of contributing sticks of firewood for families without fuel, and made layettes. They gave schoolbooks and toys to

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Children's Map of the Western Hemisphere," "Frontier," "Key to the Cover" (Editorial), "Community Gardens"

Geography:

England—"Thank You's from England"

Honduras—"Masa Wins a Name"

U. S. A.—"Born to Be Free," "Make a Deposit for the World," "News Parade," "And Presto! It's Done"

United Nations—"Children's Map of the Western Hemisphere," "Key to the Cover," "Frontier," "Born to Be Free," "Make a Deposit for the World," "Masa Wins a Name," "American Abundance," "Flags of the United Nations," "And Presto! It's Done," "News Parade," "Community Gardens," "Thank You's from England"

Health:

"American Abundance," "And Presto! It's Done," "News Parade," "The Clocks That Could Not Tick," "Community Gardens"

Primary Grades:

"Children's Map of the Western Hemisphere," "American Abundance," "Community Gardens," "The Clocks That Could Not Tick," "Thank You's from England"

Science and Nature Studies:

"American Abundance," "News Parade" (Notes on Victory Gardens), "The Clocks That Could Not Tick," "Community Gardens"

Units:

Accident Prevention—"And Presto! It's Done"

Pioneer or Primitive Life—"Frontier," "Born to Be Free," "Masa Wins a Name"

Telling Time—"The Clocks That Could Not Tick"

War Work—"Make a Deposit for the World," "American Abundance," "And Presto! It's Done," "News Parade," "Community Gardens"

Born to Be Free

The story about Thomas Jefferson is featured this month in honor of the bicentenary of his birth, April, 1743. The little tomboy, Martha, grew up and married Dabney Carr.

Pan-American Pageant by Pupils

The Pan-American pageant reported in "News Parade" this month was produced by the Hinsdale, Illinois, schools, as a Junior Red Cross service in promoting better human relations. It was the culminating activity of several months' study by fourth,

fifth, and sixth grades. The sixth grades wrote the scripts, the best material being chosen for production; the fifth grades produced the pageant; the fourth grades made the programs, decorated the auditorium and were in charge of ticket sales and seating arrangements. Each school chose one country for study and presented an act concerned with that particular country. All the songs, dances and costumes were designed and produced as a part of regular school work. Pan-American flags made by the Hinsdale Red Cross Production Unit were used in the finale. The pageant was presented to the public and from the sale of tickets \$185.47 was earned for the National Children's Fund.

The object of the study and the pageant was to arouse an appreciation of, and a genuine interest in the Pan-American countries through a better understanding of the peoples, their customs, homes, food, work, and their contributions to the fields of art, music, dance, literature, science and industry. An analysis of the activities necessary will reveal that all important learnings were involved.

United Nations Reference Material

The Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., publishes posters, poster stamps, flags and coats-of-arms, plays and pageants, excerpts from national anthems, and some simple conversation lessons. A complete list, with an order blank, may be obtained by writing to the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

The Office of War Information, Washington, D. C., has issued two documents useful for information about post-war planning:

The first, "War and Peace Aims," comprises excerpts from statements of United Nations leaders, including representatives of governments in exile. A detailed index makes the material easily available for reference use. Paper bound, 136 pages, price 25¢. The second, "Towards New Horizons," includes speeches by President Roosevelt, Vice President Wallace, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Undersecretary of State Welles, and Prime Minister Smut.

Two other recent leaflets might be classed as "tool pamphlets." "When Radio Writes for War," is a digest of practical suggestions on wartime radio scripts, prepared at the request of the nation's radio writers by the Domestic Radio Bureau. "Poster Handbook" tells how to obtain official war posters from the government, how to organize a poster committee, to distribute the posters in your community, and to display them to advantage.

None of these titles will have meaning for young pupils, but some of you will be able to put them to work in your own experience and activity, either in teaching or community service.

This Issue in Braille

The braille edition of this number has the following features: "Born to Be Free," "Make a Deposit for the World," "And Presto! It's Done," "News Parade," "Thank You's from England."

Developing Calendar Activities for April

THE following account, indicating ways in which Junior Red Cross activities were selected for their application to art education, was written as instruction to schools of Salt Lake City, by L. John Nuttall, Jr., Superintendent of Schools, and Maud R. Hardman, Supervisor of Art. The activities were directed towards community service, and were in behalf of men in the Armed Forces, or represented other forms of national service.

"Every good American is keen to do something for the War. In few locations do boys and girls have such close contacts with war activities as in our schools. Through the Junior Red Cross they can make contributions that have real meaning because each child has almost first-hand knowledge of where his contribution goes. Art classes can make unique contributions to war work as well as to other Red Cross undertakings. But every project should be educative.

"In determining what Junior Red Cross projects should be undertaken by art classes the teacher should ask three questions:

"(1) Will the work be adapted to the mental, physical, and emotional level of the group so that pupils will understand what they are doing, be able to learn necessary concepts and skills so that they can do the work well, be able to originate some part of the art idea, and be filled with an ardent desire to make the contribution?"

"(2) Will the activity contribute directly or indirectly to one or more of the purposes of education adopted by the schools?"

"(3) Can the undertaking be fitted into the program so that it does not become an 'extra', a something over and above the 'unit activity' or so-called 'regular' work that will cause pressures and strains in the classroom?"

"Unless the answer can be 'Yes' in every instance, the project should not be undertaken.

"Art experiences in serving War and Red Cross needs contribute to such of our purposes of education as development of a 'personality which is well-adjusted emotionally,' because it gives pupils wholesome outlets for patriotic urges and helps them to realize the importance of art and beauty in comforting the sick and inspiring and encouraging the strong. Purposes which have to do with character and citizenship become more meaningful when boys and girls plan and work for others. Certainly the one that sets up 'a command of the social graces' becomes more meaningful to boys and girls when they learn that the armed forces in hospitals, army camps, and troop trains like the same holidays that school pupils do and feel that some pretty or amusing thing makes a party out of a monotonous day.

"Teachers are urged to study the purposes of education which should determine the art program and to analyse each art project in order to see how much it can be made to contribute.

"The projects listed afford excellent motivation for learning in art. Figure drawing, landscape painting, the making of many types of units, borders, and all-over patterns, mounting, page design, and book binding are but a few of the skills that may be developed out of these projects.

"It will be necessary to exercise good judgment as to the amount of school art supplies to be utilized for this work. In cases in which the pupil gets a rich art

experience out of the piece of paper he uses, it can legitimately be taken from school supplies if it will not deplete stocks needed for other activities. For mass production such as block printing, stencil, pages for books, etc., arrangements should be made to use salvageable materials."

So that teachers might indicate those activities that would give purpose to the art education appropriate to their own grades, a list of possible projects was sent with a schedule indicating the holidays for which the gifts were needed and the times at which they must be completed in each case. The teachers were to indicate the grades in which the gifts would be made and the number undertaken. It was urged that older pupils should be consulted in planning the activities, and also that no schools should feel obliged to do the work unless it fitted into the educative program.

The gifts were selected from the Junior Red Cross bulletins: "Service to the Armed Forces," "Christmas Menus for the Navy," and "Gifts for Blind Children."

Two recent booklets will be helpful: *Crafts in Wartime*, by Marguerite Iekis, National Recreation Association, 315 4th Ave., New York City. 35¢; *Make It for the Children—Apparatus, Furniture, Toys*, Association for Childhood Education, 1201 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 50¢.

Directives for SAF

The importance of following instructions accurately in service to the armed forces has been emphasized in National Headquarters publications and in letters from Area Junior Red Cross Directors. The discovery of razor blades in gifts to a psychiatric hospital necessitated a special letter to all Chapters in one Area, and no end of work at the hospital in sorting out the dangerous items.

This restriction would not surprise anyone who stopped to think the matter over. It would only be natural, however, to be surprised at learning that chewing gum in Red Cross Kit Bags has now joined the list of hazards. The Kit Bags are given to men when they embark. And while sailors are schooled in not throwing gum on the decks, because they know what a chore it is to clean it up, many soldiers are inexperienced in this kind of neatness. Furthermore, those with tidy intentions do the obvious thing—drop the wrappers overboard. Quantities of these bright papers floating may attract schools of fish or otherwise reveal the vicinity of a ship, thus actually endangering the lives of the troops. It is the fear of a disaster as well as the difficulty of keeping a deck neat that has led officers to request that from this time on gum be omitted from the Kit Bags. Once overseas, men receive gum as a regular part of their rations.

One more urgent request has been made: that no personal names and addresses of senders be included with any gifts. The name of the Junior Red Cross, the Chapter, and the School, however, add to the interest of the gifts.

The Calendar Picture

The picture this month is taken from a new pamphlet, bringing the story of the National Children's Fund up-to-date.

EASTER TOYS FOR HOSPITAL CHILDREN. SOME THINGS TO MAKE: RED CROSS MERCY SHIPS, DOLL HAMMOCKS, CARTS, HOUSES, WATCHES FROM MILK BOTTLE TOPS, BLACK PAPER PLANOS WITH WHITE KEYS, HANDBAGS, BEADS WITH BODKIN AND THREAD TO STRING THEM, BUNNY WITH A JIGSAW PUZZLE IN HIS PACK, CARDBOARD CLOCKS, CALENDAR OF PICTURES OF YOUR TOWN, FLOWER CALENDAR.

Make a scrapbook for convalescent children, with collapsible toys pasted on the pages; a page with a paper doll family; one with school pupils; a baseball team on a ball diamond; a page of pets. *For example:* In a correspondence album from Argentina, there was a collapsible cardboard dog made of five parts: (1) head, (2) front of body and forelegs, (3) tail, (4) hind quarters including back legs, (5) a strip of cardboard bent at the ends to make hinges. His head was attached to the front of the body, and to the connecting strip by a small brad. His tail was attached to the back part and the other end of the connecting strip by another brad. All four feet were pasted to the page by folds. He lay flat on the page when the album was closed, or could be stood up when the album was open.

1943 APRIL 1943						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

Junior Red Cross members of many countries have helped the children who suffer from war. There is need for all that all of you can do. If there had been no American Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund, YOU would not have been ready to provide clothing, foods and sweets for children of Spain, Finland, France, China; shoes for Russian children; school materials to help Polish children save their culture after their long trek over the earth.

YOU HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO WORK NOW FOR BETTER HUMAN RELATIONS IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW BY KEEPING YOUR FUND READY TO ACT AT THE FIRST CALL.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

Roumanian refugees.

SERVING THROUGH THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND—Think up good ways to earn money. *For example:*

One art class made a mural to show what the Fund is accomplishing. You could base a mural on the article in this issue of the *News*.

Other groups have puppet shows, bazaars, pet shows, "What-not" sales of bric-a-brac, "Thrifty Shops" with useful or decorative articles, rehabilitated costume jewelry, auctions of box lunches, play days with small fees.

JRC members in other countries earn their own funds for service. *For example:* New Zealand members had a "Bring and Buy" sale. Another group planted and harvested maize. Some native children of New Zealand baked and sold whole meal bread for school lunches.

JRC members in France made jam from wild cherries, spread it on tarts, and sold the tarts to buy food for prisoners.

If your school has a flock of sheep, shear them, wash and comb the wool, and use it to fill brightly-colored comforters. Sell them for a National Children's Fund contribution or ask your Red Cross Chapter where they are needed.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

April • 1943

Born to Be Free

MARGARET CURTIS McKAY

Illustrations by Harrie Wood

MARTHA JEFFERSON woke up just before dawn. Lying very still so as not to wake Elizabeth, she waited for daylight. Tom was coming home today and, since Mr. Maury's school was only fourteen miles from Shadwell, he most certainly would be here in time for breakfast. She must remember to tell him that she had seen the first bluebird two days ago, and she must show him Downie the first thing. Downie was a fawn. One of the slaves had caught it and built a pen for it on the edge of the orchard. Tom, who loved all small things—squirrels, kittens, puppies, calves and colts—would be sure to love the little deer.

Within the week, Tom would leave Shadwell to attend the college of William and Mary in Williamsburg. He would not be home for his seventeenth birthday, less than a month off, so the family had decided to celebrate his anniversary today. They had made a complete new outfit for him. Jane and Mary had cut out and made a suit from cloth which they themselves had woven. Elizabeth and Martha, who were younger than Tom, had made him a shirt of fine, bleached cotton. Even Lucy, who was only eight, and the four-year-old twins, Anne and Randolph, had helped in various ways, such as folding and pressing collar and cuff bands. The cravat, however, was Martha's particular gift. At the last moment she had decided to mark it

with the anniversary date, and Tom's name.

It was now light enough to see. Softly slipping out of bed, Martha stole to the tiny window under the eaves where, seated on a three-legged stool, a shawl draped over her shoulders, she completed her task. The thread for the embroidery was not bleached like the snowy cravat, but that only made the lettering stand out the more clearly: Thomas Jefferson 13 Apr 1760.

With a sigh of relief, she put away her needle and began to dress. The rest of the household was now astir. In the yard the Negroes went about their morning chores. Caesar was rubbing down Tom's favorite horse. The field hands were already at work, their gay kerchiefs dotting the dun-colored fields of early spring with bright blue and red and purple.

There was a cry from the twins, "Here's Tom!"

Martha flew downstairs. As usual, Jane was the first to greet him. She clung to her brother's arm while the others crowded around him. His sandy hair was windblown, his freckled face flushed from his long walk. Seventeen years old and tall for his age, he towered over them all. His mother beamed with pride.

In the big dining room the gifts were presented, and Tom was delighted with the

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homespun suit and all its accessories. At breakfast everybody talked at once, and Martha thought Tom would never finish. She wanted to show him Downie right away.

"Do please hurry!" she broke out at last.

Tom pushed back his chair with a smile. "Well then," he said, "come along. Who or what is Downie?"

But his smile vanished when he saw the fawn. "Why, it's a wild thing! It's cruel to keep it captive."

"But it will grow to be tame," protested Martha. "Yesterday it ate from my hand." She stretched out her hand and called coaxingly to the little creature. It stood motionless, its large, soft eyes wide and unblinking.

"You should let it go," repeated Tom. "It was born to be free."

"No," began Martha, "I shan't——"

Just then they were interrupted by the arrival of Dabney Carr, a boy about Tom's age, who had been invited to spend the day. The fawn forgotten, Tom went off with his friend.

* * * * *

The birthday dinner in Tom's honor lay smoking on the long table. Baby Randolph said grace: "Pleathe, dear Lord, bleth thith food to our yooth!"

Then they all fell to. There was roast goose done to a beautiful golden brown; thin, pink slices of ham; great slabs of corn bread and a plate piled high with beaten biscuit. There was hot apple dumpling with clotted cream and honey. And as if that were not enough for dessert, there was syllabub and, crowning treat of all, snowy cones of white sugar wrapped in bright blue paper.

"Tom," said Martha, blissfully sucking one of these, "what are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Why," answered her brother, "Dabney and I are going fishing. And then we'll cook our supper under the big oak on Little Mountain."

"Oh, Tom, may I go along?"

"No. It's no place for girls. You'd tear your clothes and your face would get sunburned."

"I'll wear my sunbonnet. Please, Tom—you said you'd take me sometime."

Tom's smile vanished. "Why, it's a wild thing! It's cruel to keep it captive, Martha!"

"It's no place for a girl," repeated Tom firmly. Then turning to Dabney he said, "I'll take along a pan and some meal in my knapsack, and we'll have a royal fishfry."

"Good!" replied Dabney. "And fetch 'Anson's Voyages' for auld lang syne."

With a sigh, Martha watched them go off down the lane between the locust trees. "Boys have all the fun!" she thought, as she joined her sisters in the big, sunny room where her mother sat spinning.

Each girl had her daily stint, for all the clothing worn on the Shadwell plantation was made by the women of the household. Thread was spun from the wool of sheep raised on the place. And cloth was woven from the thread. In the same way muslin dresses, sheets and shirts came from the snowy tufts that burst from the dark bolls of the cotton plants in late November: And besides the sewing that must be done, there was soap to make, and tallow candles, each task at its proper time.

Martha's stint today was to hem a sheet newly woven. When she had finished, she was free to amuse herself as she liked. But what was there to do?

Wandering forlornly into the dining room, she caught sight of a book lying on the settle by the great open fireplace. It was "Anson's Voyages Around the World." So the boys had not carried it with them after all! Suddenly an idea popped into her head. Why not take the book to them?





"I'm going to build a great house here and name it Monticello." Martha wondered if Dabney would laugh

Taking her sunbonnet from its peg by the door and clutching the book under her arm, she slipped quietly and quickly across the yard. After all, she had never been forbidden to go to Little Mountain, and it was their own property and just a mile and a half away.

Of course there was the river to cross, but it was really scarcely more than a brook. She hoped that Uncle Mose's boat would be tied in the usual place under the big willow. But it wasn't. On the opposite bank, a short distance upstream, was Tom's canoe. The boys had caught their fish, then, and no doubt were even now cooking supper under the oak tree. For a long moment, Martha stared at the sparkling water that flowed so tantalizingly between her and the opposite bank. She could not swim—only boys learned that accomplishment. The stream was too deep to wade. But get across she would!

There was one other possibility if she dared take it—the wild grapevine! Many a time had she seen Tom swing himself over by it. She hurried along the bank to the spot where the tangle of wild grapevines grew about a clump of willows which leaned far out over the water. The bank was higher here, the current swifter. Martha's heart beat fast at the thought of swinging out over the moving water. Suppose she were to let go too soon—or, not soon enough! In either case she would get a ducking. She might even be drowned.

Taking off her sunbonnet, she put the book in the full, bag-like folds of the back, then retied the bonnet-string firmly around her throat. The lower end of the great, rope-like vine was wrapped round the trunk of the

willow near the ground. She unwrapped it, again thrusting away the thought that the river was deep here, swollen by recent rains. If Tom could do it, *she* could! All you had to do was to grasp the vine tightly with both hands, move back from the edge of the bank, take a little run and swing out—out—out, and then let go!

Drawing a long breath, she seized the vine, the right hand above the left. Now for the little run! It was done in a rush, then came the breathless sense of flying—then in no time at all she had let go, landing with both feet on the opposite bank.

Still rather shaken and breathless, she fastened the end of the vine securely to a bush. If she did not find Tom, she would need it to recross the stream.

She was well-winded before she reached the top of Little Mountain. There, just a little farther on, was the big oak. She saw that the boys had built a fire and were seated cross-legged near it, deep in conversation. Martha crept nearer, feeling suddenly shy. Would they be angry at her intrusion? As she stood hesitating, Tom's quick eye saw her and he sprang to his feet.

"I brought you the book you forgot," she said hastily. She held it out to him.

Dabney Carr laughed, "The book!" he exclaimed. "To be sure, we did forget it. Many thanks to you for bringing it. Come, you must be tired after climbing." He took off his coat and spread it on the ground near the fire. "Sit here," he urged.

Martha did so, looking anxiously at Tom. Was he angry with her?

"How did you get across, Kitten?" he asked.

Martha sighed with relief. She smiled mysteriously. "Perhaps I flew," she said.

Dabney picked up the book. "'Anson's Voyages,'" he said. "Well, Tom and I were planning some voyages of our own. Tom says he is going around the world himself some day—or at least to Europe."

"And I'll wager," put in Tom, "that I'll not find that, or any other country, half as wonderful as this!" He waved his hand toward the far horizon.

Martha looked off over a wide green valley and beyond, across fold on fold of mountain melting into the blue distance.

"It's wilderness now in that direction," went on Tom, pointing westward. "But 'twon't always be so. I tell you, Dabney, there's no limit to the possibilities of this land!"

"Tom," interrupted Martha, "tell Dabney what you are going to do some day—right here."

"I'm going to live here," said Tom simply. "I'm going to build a great house here. And I shall name it Monticello—which is Italian for Little Mountain."

Martha watched Dabney closely. Would he laugh at Tom? Some people did when he talked like that. But Dabney did not laugh. Instead, he said thoughtfully, "Most anything is possible if you but put your mind to it."

"An idea," said Tom, "is the most powerful force in the whole world. Everything made by man was first an idea in someone's head. Unseen forces work all the wonders of life."

Silence fell on the three. The fire snapped and a gentle breeze blew the smoke now here, now there. Finally Dabney spoke. "I'd not mind living here all my life—nor dying here, either. I'd like to be buried here under this big oak."

"Dabney," cried Tom, "there never could be a better friend than you. Let's take our oath that whichever one of us dies first, the other will see that he is buried here, under this oak tree."

Tom's voice was solemn. He rose to his feet and held out his hand. Dabney jumped up. "I do solemnly swear it," he said. Tom echoed the words. The two boys shook hands. Martha was always to remember how the two of them looked standing with clasped hands by the dying fire under the big oak on Little Mountain. The next instant their solemnity vanished and they were just two boys as hungry as she was.

The fire had now a fine bed of glowing ash, just right for the pan of fish and hoeecake. After Martha had eaten all she could, she curled up on Dabney's coat and stared dreamily at the fading embers, only half hearing what the boys were saying. Now and then, phrases drifted into her consciousness.

"Of course, the more widespread education is——"

"But even the slaves, Tom?"

"Even the slaves, Dabney. They won't always be slaves, I hope. No human being should be a slave to another."

"Freedom—for all—the most important thing—free—free——"

The voices faded out.

Martha was awakened by a gentle hand on her shoulder and Tom's voice.

"Time to go home, Kitten—and maybe Dabney would like to have his coat."

Martha jumped up and rubbed her eyes. The whole world was flooded with a golden radiance, except where purple shadows filled the valleys. The trip down the mountain was quickly made.

"How *did* you get across, Martha?" asked Tom as he untied his canoe.

"I'll show you!" She darted along the bank to the bush to which the grapevine was tied. "Look!" she called. Taking a quick little run, she swung out over the stream.

Because she had not noticed that the vine hung nearer to this side and that the far bank was higher, Martha fell short of the opposite bank and dropped into the water.

Instantly Dabney was in after her, swimming with all his might with the current which was bearing Martha downstream. Tom paddled swiftly after, and in a few minutes Dabney and Tom between them fished her up and got her into the canoe. She had swallowed a good deal of water and for a moment was pretty sick. But presently she could breathe more easily and the boys made haste to paddle to the shore.

When she got home, dripping wet, wrapped in Tom's coat and scarcely able to walk, there was considerable excitement. Mrs. Jefferson sent the older girls flying to heat bricks and brew sassafras tea.

A little later Martha sat propped up with pillows on the settle before a roaring fire in the dining room. The night was cool and the heat felt good. And it was good to know that Tom was not angry with her.

"So you would be a tomboy and try what
(Concluded on page 209)

Make a Deposit for the World

KATHRYN BLOOD

Louisville, Kentucky
November 17, 1942

Dear Junior Red Cross:

We are the children of the first grade at Johnston School. We have been saving our pennies to help the children in the war.

Now we have saved \$5. We are sending it to you to help the children who don't have as much as we do.

ALL PEOPLE throughout the world understand this kind of language. It is the universal language of service, as spoken through the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross.

From children all over the country contributions such as the one from the Johnston School come to the National

for children that your money has paid for: *Great Britain:* During the fall of 1940 when London and other industrial centers in Great Britain were being shattered by enemy bombs, the American Red Cross and its Junior Red Cross established nurseries and convalescent homes for British children so that they might be sent away from the bombed centers to safe, quiet places in the country. Now the British Ministry of Public Health has taken over these homes and nurseries. Your National Children's Fund, however, together with aid from the American Red Cross, did the big pioneering job at the time when help was first needed. Two thousand children were cared for.

Recently a contribution of \$12,000 was made from your National Children's Fund to help start and support a



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Russian children are bundled against cold beside a Moscow shelter. War orphans have received shoes bought with N. C. F. money. Tiny tots at Brockhampton War Nursery, left, enjoy nice soft toys like those sent to England by the J. R. C. Below, Beech Hill, a country house in Berkshire, is the new convalescent home for British children which you support through your National Children's Fund

Children's Fund. Multiplied time and again, this \$5, saved penny by penny, makes it possible to do a big job of war relief. Since the beginning of World War II, about \$300,000 which you have given through the Fund has been used for the relief of children in the war zones of Great Britain, Russia, China, Greece, France, Iceland, Poland and Finland.

Here are some of the war relief projects



home for English children who needed special care. In this home between thirty and forty children are being cared for. Specially trained British Junior Red Cross members serve as aides to the professional staff.

Clothing, books and toys have also been sent to British evacuees. Fifty thousand packages of hard candy as well as gift boxes, containing an average of twelve articles each, were sent to them as Christmas gifts.

Russia: Thousands of Russian children made orphans by the war are being cared for by the Union of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Shoes were bought for many of these children with \$10,000 from the National Children's Fund.

China: Children in China were falling ill with beriberi, a painful and dreadful disease. It can be prevented and cured with vitamin B-1 concentrates. So money from the National Children's Fund bought this medicine and it was flown to China in space furnished free by the Pan American Airways. More of your Fund was spent on a million quinine tablets for malaria which were bought in Java before the Netherlands East Indies fell to Japan. These were shipped through to Rangoon and sent in trucks over the Burma Road, along with other medical supplies sent by the American Red Cross.

Greece: Immediately after the attack upon Greece, money from your Fund bought materials out of which clothing for the children of Greek soldiers was made by Greek Junior Red Cross members. Refugee children of Greece, whose fathers had been killed, were sent a \$10,000 shipment of cocoa by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Suez Canal.

France: Thousands of children from Holland, Belgium and France, flying from their homes before the invading armies, were without food, shelter or clothing. Again your Fund made it possible to ship food and clothing to some of these children. Later, additional foods were sent to child refugees, including infants in the Paris area. Still another Red Cross ship carried your supplies of foods, vitamin concentrates, specialized medications and clothing to children in Spain and Unoccupied France.

Iceland: Six thousand Icelandic children, evacuated from Reykjavik to the country for the summer, were sent garden tools, pails and shovels, and sacks of assorted toy blocks. The children of Iceland were also sent 16,000 candy bars and 8,000 pencil boxes in addition to the

gift boxes shipped to them this Christmas. Fifty films, many of them in both sound and color, were shipped to these children.

Poland: Child victims of the invasion of Poland received clothing, shoes, bedding and medications. Among the garments sent were many items made by Junior Red Cross members. Thousands of Poles, driven from their homes by the invaders, are now near the end of a long, long journey. At first they were in Russia, then they were moved into Iran, and now they are on their way to being resettled in comfort by the British government in Kenya Colony in East Africa. Five thousand dollars has been set aside from your Fund to buy the children of these families school supplies such as writing paper, ink, penholders and pencils.

Finland: In the early days of the war, child refugees in Finland were shipped clothing and bedding. Much of the clothing sent was made as a part of your Junior Red Cross war relief production program. After shipment to the port of Petsamo, the supplies were hauled over the Arctic Highway for about 270 miles to the nearest railroad, where they were sent on to distributing centers.

Gift Boxes and Supplementary Articles: Again this year money from your Fund paid for the preparation and shipment of gift boxes. One hundred thousand boxes were sent this Christmas to children in Great Britain, in our territories and in South and Central American countries.

A DEPOSIT FOR THE WORLD

So, you see, through the money you have earned and saved and contributed to the National Children's Fund, help and encouragement have gone over land and sea, over the Burma Road, through the Mediterranean, across the frozen north, down to Brazil, over into East Africa, up into Iceland. Children all over the world await your help. Your contributions can help to relieve the hunger, the disease and the suffering of thousands of child victims of the war.

Your fund, however, must have money going into it constantly or further projects cannot be begun. A working fund is like a checking account in the bank. It cannot be drawn upon forever, unless new deposits are made from time to time. By contributing to the National Children's Fund, you are making a deposit for the world. This is your job—a job which, if you do today, you will have the privilege of continuing tomorrow, when the great task of world rebuilding is begun.

Masa Wins a Name

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Illustrations by Antonio Sotomayor

THUMP-thump-thump."

Out of the gray mist that hung over the dark, silent Honduran river came the ghostly sound of paddles striking the edge of dugouts.

"Thump-thump-thump." The noise grew louder, as three brown, slick canoes broke through the mist and quickly swept into the center of the chocolate-colored river.

Masa sat in the bow of the leading canoe. He paddled as if all the demons of the forest were after him. Beads of sweat gathered on his dark skin. This was the first chance to go on a hunt with the older Indians and he was not going to be thought lazy. Perhaps today he would even do something outstanding and the others would give him a real name, and not just call him "Masa," which in the Misquito Indian dialect means "Boy."

The other Indians, some as dark and some as kinky-haired as Masa, kept time to his stroke. As they brought back their big paddles, they would strike the edge of the canoes with a loud "thump." At the stern of Masa's canoe was their leader, an old man called "Dama." He puffed out his cheeks, stopped paddling, and shouted:

"Ba-ha, men. We have come too fast. Let us stop and rest. Pass me the *wabul*."

"*Wabul!*" Each naked Indian shouted, and touched the man ahead of him on the shoulder along the length of the thirty-foot mahogany canoe.

Masa had heard Old Dama ask for the drink long before Kusu, who sat back of him, struck him lightly on the shoulder.

Masa crawled to where a big clay bowl lay propped up. Its top was covered with banana leaves to keep the flies and bees away from the sticky, sweet banana gruel. He tore off the leaves, dipped a gourd into the smelly gray *wabul* and stood up to give it to Kusu. Just then the canoe struck a log. Masa lost his balance and the gourd of

wabul went into the air and came down upon Kusu.

"Ya Yaoooooooo," he yelled, as the foul-smelling drink covered his body.

Masa, who had just caught himself in time from falling into the water, stood looking at Kusu who was shaking himself like a wet dog. All about, the Indians were laughing. Those in the other canoes, which now came alongside, laughed at Kusu and then at Masa, who stood shaking with anxiety.

Back in the stern, Old Dama spoke like a croaking bullfrog:

"Masa, what's wrong with you? You're as clumsy as a tapir. Get me *wabul*."

This time Masa managed to dip in the gourd, fill it and pass it down the line to the old Indian. As it went, each took a deep draft until the gourd was more than half empty by the time it reached Dama. The old Indian sipped the *wabul* in high dudgeon.

While the other Indians ate their boiled bananas and roasted *agouti* meat, Masa sat still and silent.

Here, on the first big hunt of the year when he had a chance to win a name, he had to spoil his chances by spilling *wabul* over Kusu. His big dark eyes were veiled with tears as he looked without seeing into the slow-flowing brown river. He did so want the other Indians to respect him.

He dipped his hand into the river and began to sprinkle his body. How cool it felt on his hot skin! He dropped some water on his head, and then his hand touched his hair. That brought to his mind a question he had asked Old Dama:

"Why, old man, is my hair kinky, while other Indians' hair is long and straight?"

"Long, long, long time ago," Dama had answered him, "some Negro men from another land ran away from white men, who had



He was going on his first hunt

chained them to slave ships. They came to this place, the Mosquito Coast in Honduras, and our Indian people took them as slaves. But soon, seeing that these people were jungle people like ourselves, we let them be free. Some of them married with Miskito Indian people, and now many boys like you have black skins and kinky hair, although you are Indians and speak our language, the *Miskitobila*."

Masa heard his name called and came out of his dream. The boys were teasing him:

"Maybe we should not call him Masa. We should call him Tilba, after that tapir as big as a pig that runs through the jungle and knocks over trees."

The men laughed until the canoes rocked, but Masa only pressed his lips more tightly together.

At the word "Kaisa—let's go," from Old Dama, Masa picked up his paddle, dipped it into the water and began to paddle. The others followed his example, and soon the canoes were slinking down between the green walls of the jungle that held the dark river to its course.

The stream was narrowing now. Masa could see brushwood and logs, large and small, piled up from last year's floods. Old Dama, behind,

was skillfully guiding the canoe through these barriers. And all the other canoes followed their lead. For Dama knew the river as no other knew it.

White egrets, like moving clouds, flapped ahead of the noisy canoes. A big blue-headed kingfisher dived for a fish, but dropped it in fright. The monkeys stopped their chattering, and even the alligators, sunning themselves on top of the water, let themselves sink without a sound. The Indians were on a big hunt—this all the animals seemed to know.

Masa, paddling as hard as ever, was lost again under the hypnotic spell of the thump-thump-thump of the paddles. Forgotten was the teasing of the young men and the chiding by the old. His slight body moved with the rhythm of the long, flat-bottomed canoe. Through his head ran dreams.

Masa would show these Miskito men what he could do on the hunt. He would charge among the wild wari-pigs and kill them. He would capture an alligator alive by swimming under its body while it was sleeping, and tie its legs. He would . . .

He dipped his paddle in the water so furiously that he threw the canoe out of line. Old Dama was grumbling:

"Masa, how can I steer the canoe if you



Fifty feet ahead something dark loomed up out of the water. "Tilba, tilba," shouted Masa, but it was gone

paddle so hard?" They had to be careful now. With the meeting of another stream, the river had grown wider, and soon they would come to the cut-off where one part of the river poured into one lagoon and the other part swung into the Warunta lagoon ahead.

Masa had to watch carefully now for sunken logs in the stream. If the canoe struck a log, it might split the patched seams. As he paddled, he kept staring into the rushing river.

Fifty feet ahead something dark loomed up out of the water. Masa had opened his mouth to shout, "Log, steer to the right," when he saw that it moved, then sank, leaving only a trace of bubbles on the surface. When it rose again, Masa could make out the dark, broad back, the heavy, thick snout of a tapir.

"*Tilba, tilba,*" shouted Masa, pointing with his finger to the spot where he had seen it rise. "Where, where?" shouted the Indians. "There!"

But it was nowhere to be seen. For a moment Masa feared that he had mistaken a log for a tapir. Then the animal rose to the surface with a furious sound, and in one voice the Indians shouted, "*Tilba!*"

The heavy canoes sprang suddenly to life. The Indians quickened their strokes. Thump, thump, thump. The strength and force of the paddle strokes almost raised them out of the water. The tapir sensed his danger. Putting all his strength behind his 350 pounds, he swam ahead as quickly as he could. When he came alongside the bank of the river, he made for it as quickly as his squat legs could carry him. Spurring him on came the war cry of the Indians:

"Ah-o, bika, bika, tilba, ah-o!"

The tapir tried to scramble up the side of the bank; his legs sank deeply into the mud. The canoes were right behind him. Kusu stood up behind Masa, raised a long, black-



The iguana leaped, but Masa leaped, too, and in mid-air grasped its long, spiny tail

shafted, steel-tipped lance, took aim, and threw it at the head of the *tilba*.

Zimmmmm! It sang through the air. It struck the earth a fraction of an inch from the nose of the *tilba*. With a furious snort, the tapir turned with unexpected agility and plunged into the river again. A groan went up. Kusu had missed the tapir. Masa's canoe came so fast, it ran into the bank, unseating him.

Masa flew through the air and struck the bank, his head plopping into the clay ooze. Dizzily he picked himself up, took hold of the bow of the canoe that had run into the clay bank, and, with the shouts of the men in his ears, pushed the boat back into the muddied stream.

The canoes took up the chase again. Old Dama was back in the stern, grumbling as usual, but he dipped in his long-bladed paddle as furiously as the others. Soon all three canoes were massed behind the greatly terrified tapir.

He tried all his tricks to elude them. He sank below the water and tried running along the bottom, his course marked by a long thread of brown bubbles. Then he blew himself to the surface, throwing up the water like a geyser, and tried to swim on the surface. The Indians' whoops sent the last perching white herons into the air. Masa paddled so hard that sweat rolled down his body.

"Strike, strike," urged Old Dama, bellowing with the rest.

A slim, sable-brown body leaped up in the first canoe, raised its arm. The rising sun flashed on the metal-shafted black spear, as the Miskito pulled his arm back and measured the distance.

Zimmmmmmmmmmm. The spear buzzed through the air. Masa stopped paddling to watch.

Plap. It struck the swimming tapir in the hindquarters. "He struck it, he struck it," Masa shouted.

But it was not a fatal strike. It spurred the tapir on. He leaped out of the water as if he had suddenly developed wings. The river boiled with his powerful strokes. Before the astonished Indians could send another spear after him, the tapir leaped onto the bank, hung there for a moment, halfway up, halfway down. Then, with a final burst of energy, he made the top of the embankment and ran off into the forest with the spear still sticking into his backside.

"A-oh. . . ." the Indians groaned.

Masa groaned the loudest of all. To him it was a personal loss, for he had seen the tapir first. Like the rest, he leaned forward on the sides of the canoe. The chase had been long, and they were wearied by the fast paddling.

"Kaisa. Kaisa. Let's go," urged the voice of Old Dama again, like the strummings of the bull-fiddle frog. "It is ill luck that we missed the *tilba*, but there will be more things in the lagoon. We are not far now from our hunting grounds."

The Indians picked up their paddles and dipped them slowly into the dark stream. The canoes moved on. Masa listlessly put his paddle into the river. Then suddenly he felt excited. It was like plunging his body into cold water. He raised his head high and sniffed the wind. His wide nostrils quivered. The air had a salty tang. They must be nearing the lagoons that lay behind the sea. Far away he could hear a dull booming sound. That must come from the waves striking the shores of the Caribbean Sea.

He turned to face Big Kusu.

"Kusu, is it the sea?"

"Aho-o, aho-o. Yes, yes, it's the sea," said Kusu. "This river is Warunta River. It goes into the fresh-water lagoon called Warunta, too. Beyond the lagoon is the open sea."

Once more Masa sniffed the air, then dipped his paddle more deeply and firmly in the

water. He had never been to the lagoons before. He had never seen nor heard nor smelled the ocean-sea. Soon would come his test, for the hunt for the sea cows would begin as soon as they arrived in the lagoon. Tribal respect and a name would be his if he did some noteworthy thing; contempt and a bad name, if he failed.

Old Dama called out to the men to stop paddling. They were at the end of the river. The steep banks were gone again. The dark stream seemed to flow right up to the jungle. Shading the river were immense trees. Masa sat under the branches of a strangler fig which wound and twisted around another tree like the bodies of several boas. In among the trees, gray ant thrushes and racket-tailed motmot birds chattered noisily over some insects. High up in the chicle trees spider monkeys silently munched their food. Beyond the avenue of trees, the river fanned out into the broad lagoon. Out there the sunbeams danced on the silvery water. Bullrushes, fresh-water reeds and lily pads seemed to cover the whole surface of the wide stretch of water. The canoe glided noiselessly.

A hand touched his shoulder. Masa, drawn from his dreams, spun about in his seat. Big Kusu was there grinning with all his might, showing his strong white teeth. He grunted something which Masa did not hear, and pointed up to a branch that overhung the water.

Masa looked up. To ordinary eyes, there was only a dark branch with yellow and green leaves, but Masa's lively brown eyes picked out the greenish-yellow and black body of a giant iguana. Fully five feet long from tail to head, looking like a dragon, the iguana was sunning itself, fast asleep. At the thought of how good the white, boiled flesh of the iguana washed down with the banana *wabul* would taste, Masa put his hand to his stomach. Kusu raised his eyes to the iguana and slowly moved his head up and down. He then turned and urged silence on the other Indians, who stopped their talk.

Masa threw his leg over the canoe, held himself up by his two crooked arms for an instant, and then let himself slip into the water as noiselessly as a snake gliding over the ground. He gasped as the cool water rose about his body, but in that gasp he filled his lungs with air and disappeared beneath the dark waters.

Minutes passed, then Masa's small, brown body and black hair broke the surface at the

base of a tree at the water's edge. Agile as a monkey, Masa climbed up the side of the tree. He moved slowly out on the first broad branch on which squatted the iguana. Feeling the shaking of the branch, the reptile raised its head slightly. The high crest stood up in fear. The heavy, fierce head shook like an old Indian with palsy. Still Masa worked forward, crawling on his belly. When he was within a few feet of it, the iguana moved forward. It leaped right into the air toward the water, but Masa leaped, too, and in mid-air grasped its long, spiny tail. Together Miskito Indian boy and huge iguana fell into the muddy waters of the Warunta River fifteen feet below.

"Ah-ooooo," the Indians shouted, as they rushed their canoes to where Masa had disappeared into the water.

For a moment, the black sediment of the river boiled up; then one wide, high-arched foot broke the surface. Then another foot.

Laughing and in great glee, two naked Indians reached over and each grasped a foot. Up they pulled and up came Masa, spewing out the black water of the river from his mouth.

There was Masa, dripping in the dark waters of the Warunta in the full flush of victory. For in one brown hand he still grasped the iguana by its tail.

"Now," laughed Old Dama, "we might give Masa a new name. Maybe we will call him 'Iguana'!"

For the first time that day, Masa, lying gasping at the bottom of the canoe, smiled in happiness.

Born to Be Free

(Continued from page 202)
only boys should do!" he said, but there was a twinkle in his eye. She felt closer to him than ever before. It was as if she and Dabney and Tom shared a secret that bound them together. Dabney seemed to feel it, too. He brought his chair close to the settee and leaned down to inquire if she was comfortable.

And now Tom got out his fiddle and Jane went to the harpsichord. They played the Don Giovanni minuet in great style, then drifted into the beautiful twenty-third psalm: "The Lord's my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down to lie——"

A delicious languor stole over Martha. Her mother had said she might sleep all night right where she was. That was a blissful thought—no going up the dark stairs to climb into a chilly bed! She could lie here and watch the fire die out after the others went to bed. But just as she dozed off, a little nagging thought kept trying to push its way into her mind. What was it? If only she could capture it; but it was just out of reach. It worried her because it took the edge off her happiness. *What was it?* She tried to rouse herself. The effort was



"There, Downie—you too are free!" she called softly

too much. She dozed off.

She awoke with a jerk. And sat up, suddenly remembering Tom's words, "freedom for all——," "born to be free."

Stealthily Martha rose, wrapped a shawl around her and, tiptoeing on bare feet, slipped into the hall and out the back door.

She shivered in the chilly night air as she sped across the yard to the edge of the orchard. The apple trees, heavy with buds, shone faintly, but the shadows beneath them were pitch black.

Fumbling for the bar that released the gate of the pen, she called softly through the star-filled night:

"There, Downie—you too

shall be free!"

There was a quick patter of tiny hoofs and a small shadow flashed past her; then silence. She looked up at the stars, and suddenly a sense of the vastness and mystery of the universe came to her. But she was not afraid; she felt solemn and happy and free. She caught her breath.

"I am part of it all," she whispered, "part of it all—forever and ever. Dabney—and Tom—and I."



COCONUTS are one of Brazil's fine fruits



SUGAR CANE, above, is grown in Colombia



PHOTOGRAPHS:
VINEYARD, PARA-
GUAY. WOMEN,
GUAY. CATTLE, BANIOCA
FLOUR BY THREE
LIONS; SUGAR
CANE AND HERBS
COURTESY GRACE
LINE



GRAPES from Chile's vineyards, above.
PINEAPPLES, circle, raised in Venezuela



CACAO, ou
which cocco
made, is gro
in the fert
Dominican
public. Bel
a cacao p



AMERICAN A

Within the Western Hemisphere lives one of every seven people on earth. This seventh of the world's population produces

More than a fourth of the world's wheat,
Almost two-thirds of the world's corn,
More than a third of the world's sugar.

In its herds are over a fourth of the world's cattle.
Almost a third of the world's hogs root in the Western Hemisphere.

More than a fifth of the world's sheep graze in the pastures and hills of the Americas.

All the Americas abound in fish.

Of all the foods men usually eat, we lack only tea and some spices.—*Consumers' Guide*.

BANANAS, left, are supplied by Costa Rica, along with coffee, cocoa, and corn. **VEGETABLES** flourish in Paraguay's rich soil. Below, women gather them for market

HERBS for Western dishes, below, grow in the Peruvian Andes. Cacao is a staple for Peru's



CACAO, out of which cocoa is made, is grown in the fertile Guinean Republic. Below, a cacao pod



FISH, such as the salmon catch, above, is a big U. S. industry; PORK, circle, another



PHOTOGRAPHS: PINEAPPLE, RIGGS; WHEAT, PAPAYAS, COURTESY U. S. D. A.; FISH, CACAO POD, BANANAS, COCONUT PALM BY EWING GALLOWAY



WHEAT is one of Canada's largest crops



PAPAYAS, above, a rare fruit perfected in Puerto Rico

ABUNDANCE

In all history, no other 275,000,000 people have been so well armed against conquest by hunger as this generation of Americans. Yet there are still hungry people in the Western Hemisphere. And so, in all the Americas, there are plans and projects to make men hunger-free.

Moreover, we of the Americas, so free from war on our own shores, are building up piles of food to send to war-ravaged countries today and to feed their populations when victory is won. What we deny ourselves and send our allies is little enough as part return for all they are doing and enduring not only for their own freedom but for the freedom of all of us.

Western Hemisphere grow abundantly in. Corn is the chief food of Peru's Indians

MEAT, right, from Argentina's cattle ranches, one of her chief exports. MANIOCA FLOUR, an Amazon Valley food, made by crushing a root.



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 8

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....	Editor

Key to the Cover

AGAIN Leo Politi of Los Angeles has done our Pan American cover. He went to a great deal of trouble to get it exactly the way we wanted it done for you. And he has sent us some notes about some of the figures that we are very glad to pass on to you.

In southern CALIFORNIA, classes of children go to the beaches and study sea shells.

In GUATEMALA, little girls learn from their mothers the art of weaving on hand looms beautiful, bright materials for which their country is famous.

The boy of the CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLICS is playing a marimba.

In PUERTO RICO, school children are taught to weave hats and baskets of the *palma de sombrero*, or hat palm.

Along the banks of the Amazon in BRAZIL are tropical jungles rich with plant and animal life. Carnival time in Rio lasts for three days before Ash Wednesday.

The boy of the Brazilian coast is playing with the kind of raft used by fishermen on that part of the coast.

In Spanish, ECUADOR means equator.

In VENEZUELA, particularly in Caracas, the capital, baseball is very popular.

The boy with the llama and the musical pipe is from PERU. His homespun woolen clothes and cap with ear flaps keep him warm in the cold wind along the high slopes of the Andes. The surefooted llama transports goods over the narrow, steep trails of the Andes and provides wool as well.

The girl of BOLIVIA is steering a boat made of reeds which is used on Lake Titicaca in the heart of the Andes between Bolivia and Peru.

It was smoke from the camp fires of the nomadic Indians that made the discoverers of the southern tip of South America call that region Tierra del Fuego, which means "Land of Fires." Fire is needed down there, as the climate is cold. The Indians of the region wear garments of sheep and guanaco skins. There are many sheep there.

Want an Index?

YOUR May NEWS will not bring the usual index. Because of military requirements, and because of manpower shortages in the timber and paper industries, the W.P.B. has ordered all publishers to cut their paper tonnage by 10 per cent. (We print 400,000 copies of the News a month and use more than 30 tons of paper for each edition.)

We shall have a limited number of indexes, though, for those who order them. Apply to your Red Cross area office: Eastern Area, Alexandria, Va.; North Atlantic Area, 300 Fourth Ave., New York; Midwestern Area, 1709 Washington Ave., St. Louis; Pacific Area, Civic Auditorium, San Francisco.

Flags of the United Nations

SINCE Iraq has joined the United Nations, 31 flags are flying in the fight for freedom. A ten-cent booklet, "World Flags," just published by Rand, McNally and Company, Chicago, shows the flags of 68 countries in color and describes each one clearly. For flag stories you should look up "Flags of the World," by V. Wheeler-Holohan and "National Flags," by Henry Baxter, both published by the Frederick Warne Company, 79 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., publishes a ten-cent pamphlet on the coats of arms and flags of the American republics.

Two Mistakes Corrected

THE NAME of the man who made the nice photograph of children in the Sosua refugee colony in Santo Domingo which appeared on page 132 of the January NEWS is Nathan Weisman, not Jacob Weisman, as we printed it.

Do you remember the story, "A Trip to Westover Field" in the February NEWS? We should have said that the Field is at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, *not* Chickadee Falls.

Community Gardens

Munro Leaf

Boys and girls everywhere are learning to help raise vegetables, fruits and flowers.

Some have their own gardens at home,

some at school and some work with others in community gardens. Wherever they work they learn the two main rules of being a good gardener.

1. Never waste—seeds or food.

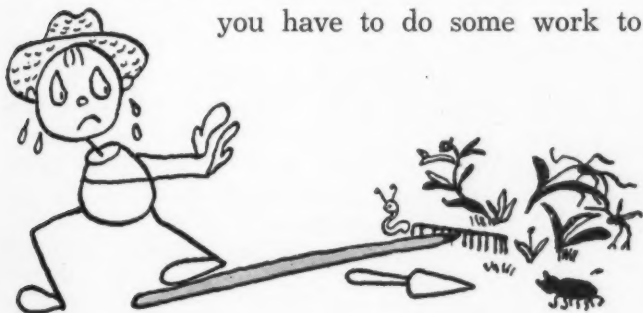
Our country needs food too much in wartime to have people just play at gardening and waste good seeds.

2. Don't be a quitter.

Quitters think it might be fun to start a garden, but when they find out that

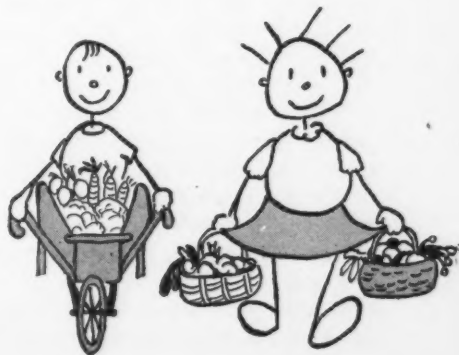
you have to do some work to raise things, they give it up. They

let weeds grow and won't take care of their seeds or plants. Don't ever start a garden if you are going to be a quitter. Let somebody who is willing to work have the seeds.



Garden Helpers

Some boys and girls who want to help can't have a garden for one reason or another, but in a lot of places they are helping to collect and distribute vegetables for the gardeners and garden organizations.



—FROM "A WAR-TIME HANDBOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS" BY MUNRO LEAF, WITH PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

"And Presto! It's Done"

MILDRED CLINE WALDEN

"CAN Hawaiian Junior Red Cross members rush 2,000 menu covers for men in the United States Navy stationed at Pearl Harbor?" By air mail we sent this question to Chapter Headquarters in Honolulu, and by air mail the reply came back: "All these schools need is a suggestion, and PRESTO, the project is completed." The covers were made and delivered in plenty of time, ahead, even, of those shipped from the Mainland.

As a matter of fact, Junior Red Cross members in Hawaii are used to emergencies. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, they began at once to collect such supplies as blankets, sheets, towels and pillow slips for Red Cross First Aid stations. Clothing, books, magazines, baby beds and high chairs were sent to evacuation centers. Fracture pillows, surgical dressings, scrapbooks and clothes were provided. Boys helped to dig bomb shelters and to give needed messenger service. The shelters, when completed, were camouflaged with growing potatoes, beans and flowers. Members were fingerprinted, fitted with gas masks, vaccinated.

Hawaiian boys and girls feel a real responsibility to do all that they can for our armed forces on the Islands. Not one hospitalized soldier was forgotten at Christmastime. Gifts and holiday decorations were planned for all of them. Kauai members sent air plant leaves to take the place of holly and mistletoe. These plants, just pinned to the wall, sprout new little branches and don't have to be watered or given any other care. Not a child in a hospital was without a Christmas remembrance, either. The young patients especially enjoyed the toys and stuffed animals made by the J. R. C., for few toys were shipped to Hawaii in 1942. Men in the Signal Corps wanted to



PHOTOS COURTESY WERNER STOV

Wherever they are hospitalized, servicemen in Hawaii will find in recreation rooms games which have been made by the Hawaiian JRC

give a holiday party for some homeless Island boys and girls. So eight J. R. C. members rounded up the children, and shopped for gifts as well, saving the men the time and trouble. When 50 children of a school on Oahu were sent to the isolation ward of a hospital with typhoid, J. R. C. members provided games, magazines, soft balls and other gifts.

Soldiers near Nanakuli, Oahu, were invited to a school program, and, writing about it to Canadian

members, the Nanakuli, Oahu, School said: "They enjoyed the program so much that they asked us to give a party. We fixed one room to dance in with a phonograph, and one room with a lot of games. The girls made cookies and punch. Sixty boys came, and everybody had a good time."

The National Children's Fund is richer by \$500 because of a gift which has just come from Hawaii members. To earn the \$125 which they contributed as their share, Kuhio School in Honolulu collected coconuts, husked and grated them, and made candy in their classroom each week. Tiniest children sold Chinese patties. Fourth-graders collected guavas and made jelly to sell; later they tried their hand at pineapple and papaya jam. Sixth-graders made and sold cookies by the thousands. Others made punch, using a gift of limes. Beans from the kiawe tree were collected by second-graders and sold to a local dairy for fodder.

A report from Hilo says that pupils race for the shop rooms during recess, eager to keep on with their Junior Red Cross work; others even take handwork home after school to complete it in the least possible time. Hospital slippers, games of all kinds, bamboo lamps, ash trays, scrapbooks, articles of cloth-

ing, first aid supplies—all are included in the long list of articles being made in the Hawaii Chapter. For Mother's Day, hundreds of leis were made to give to the soldiers. These and other gifts for our armed forces are sent "as a token of appreciation to the boys acting as guardians of the Islands." Members on Kauai made more than three hundred gifts, typically Hawaiian, for servicemen to send home as alohas to their families. Look up in the November News Parade the story of what Puna-hou members are doing. Remember the vocabulary they supplied to servicemen? Perhaps you remember that "Aloha" does not always mean good-bye.

School correspondence albums from Hawaii are always beautifully made and full of interest. One from Kaimuki School in Honolulu to a school in Manchester, Connecticut, was covered with tapa cloth and bound with strung koa seeds. The table of contents, carefully printed, made one want to go through the album at once.

There were samples of the tree fern, giant maidenhair, pressed hibiscus, and an orchid, even. There were pages describing the work of the local Red Cross and its junior membership. And there were pictures and stories of community and industrial life. The school paper was included, too.

Honolulu members wrote in an album to Knapp, Wisconsin: "Since the war started, we are all making our own gardens. The Wainae Company gave some land to the people who don't have any space in their own back yards. We planted carrots, turnips, radishes, cabbage, sweet potatoes, beans, beets and lettuce. Most of the children are making their own garden where there is good soil. When we pull too many vegetables, we give some to our neighbors. Nowadays it is better to make our own gardens, because when there is no food we can have the vegetables that we planted in the garden."

Frequently, too, fruits and vegetables from Victory Gardens are sold by members for the

benefit of the Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

Central Intermediate School in Honolulu has just mimeographed the results of a study of the guava. The boys and girls went on hikes to gather the fruit, and then went to work. They learned that one guava contains all the Vitamin C a grownup needs in a day. They experimented with all sorts of ways of using the fruit—in marmalades, desserts, sauces, beverages. They had exhibits and explained the importance of such studies of native fruits and vegetables, now that war is limiting shipments to Hawaii.

Hawaiian members are forever on the lookout to prevent accidents at home and at school. They know that this is even more important in wartime than in peace. Boys and girls in Hawaii have lots of pitfalls to look out for that Mainlanders don't have to think about. If you think it's easy to shinny up a coconut tree, you're wrong. And the great clusters of green and ripe nuts have a way of

falling now and then. Mango and papaya trees, hung with delicious fruits, tempt tree-climbers and cause many a broken arm and leg. Icy sidewalks never bother Hawaiian members, but, because of frequent showers, sidewalks can become dangerously slick, and have to be chipped or roughened so that soles and heels won't skid. If they want to, the boys and



These Hawaiian JRC members helped to make hundreds of toys for children in hospitals of the Islands. Not a single child was forgotten at Christmastime

girls can go barefoot the year around. So Kuhio School in Honolulu organizes regular glass and nail hunts at school and at home. J. R. C. members who lived along an unsightly lane did such a good job of cleaning it up that the grownups began to improve their own yards, plant flowers, repair broken fences.

There is quite a mixture of races in Hawaii—there are Puerto Ricans, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Caucasians and the native Hawaiians. All these different backgrounds are represented in the Hawaii Chapter. More than 92,000 boys and girls representing every island of the Territory are doing a big share of the work of the American Junior Red Cross.



PUBLICITY

News Parade

ENROLLMENT



MORE THAN fifteen million Junior Red Cross members, working together, have made possible the fine work of the National Children's Fund described by Kathryn Blood on page 203. Here are some of the ways in which money has been raised for the Fund; won't you tell us what plans you have under way?

First-graders of Rock Island, Illinois, arranged a cafeteria in their schoolroom. Signs, "Soup: Five cents a cup," and "Help the Junior Red Cross," were in plain view. Cafeteria helpers wore white aprons and caps. The cashier stood behind a "Pay Here" sign; in fact, the whole thing was organized in a very businesslike way.

One school in Yankton, South Dakota, sold penpoints to students. Westmoreland, California, members sold lead pencils stenciled with the name of the Red Cross Chapter.

A lollipop sale at Carew Street School is described by Caroline Gonet, in the *J. R. C. Bulletin* of Springfield, Massachusetts:

"The lollipops were made of a stick of car-

rot and a marshmallow with a chocolate face. Some had paper doily dresses. We called them Carrie Carrots. We chose committees. Ronald and Ellsworth were cashiers. They sat at a table and took money from the children. Alice and Carolyn were assistants. They gave lollipops to the children. Roger and James were scrapers. They cleaned and scraped and cut the carrots. Jack and Larry were face-painters. We all had fun and we all worked hard to earn money to help other children."

Children of the French-American orphanage in Lowell, Massachusetts, talked it over and decided to give up their Christmas tree, usually so bright and gay, their turkey, their candy, their gifts. Instead of spending money on these things, they all got together and went down to the Red Cross Chapter house where they presented a gift of \$100 to the National Children's Fund, for boys and girls in war-stricken countries.

Lowell Junior Red Cross members, learning of the sacrifice of these young French-Americans, hurried to make candy cups and tray favors for a Christmas party. And so there was some holiday festivity for the generous boys and girls at the orphanage, after all.



IN A SCHOOL correspondence album prepared for Australia, fourth-graders of Oakdale School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, wrote:

"We have a Victory Garden in our school. Victory Gardens mean vegetable gardens, because vegetables make you strong and healthy. Of course flowers can be planted to make our garden beautiful. Since each child in our room is going to have a back-yard garden this summer, we brought dirt to school from our own back yards in cigar boxes, coffee cans and other containers. We planted seeds of radishes, carrots, lettuce, peppers, spinach, tomatoes and onions. Outdoors were yellow beans, green beans, carrots, radishes, lettuce, beets, onions, parsnips.

"We knew it would be wasteful to plant seeds in just any kind of soil, or to add just any



A real need was filled by Mason School members, Akron, Ohio, who collected clothes hangers for servicemen at Keesler Field, Mississippi



BICYCLE CORPS

PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES

GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

fertilizer to the soil, so we got a soil testing kit. After the soil was tested, we worked out the percentage of different fertilizers needed for the alkaline or acid soils.

"We gave an assembly on Victory Gardens and a girl brought onions from her garden.

"To make the gardens attractive, we made bird sticks. First we drew a picture of a bird on a piece of scratch paper. Then we traced it on a piece of wood. We cut out the bird with a coping saw, sandpapered and painted it. Then we shellacked it to protect the paint from rain, and painted and shellacked a stick to tack onto the bird. The bird helps to brighten the garden, and seems to attract the live birds, too."



THE Hinsdale, Illinois, members whose pictures you see on this page worked very hard to get ready for the pageant, "Americans All," which they presented on Pan American Day, April 14th. The pageant was written by sixth-graders, and other members helped to make the programs and tickets, and the scenery and Pan American flags which decorated the stage. The programs were especially gay, each one having a different design in crayon, carrying out some Pan American theme. One that we liked best showed a Mexican wearing a yellow and red sombrero, green blouse and orange trousers. A brightly striped serape was thrown over his shoulders. In the background were thorny cactus, and the lettering "Pan America" in red, bordered in green. Scenes in the pageant were laid first in a travel bureau office, and later in Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Argentina and Brazil.



IN DECEMBER, the Overseas Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross cabled Headquarters in Toronto that musical instruments were badly needed for British and Canadian men in Prisoner of War camps in the enemy countries. He explained that it would help the morale of the men a lot if the instruments could possibly be sent from Canada, because in Britain they just couldn't be bought.

Right away, the Junior Red Cross decided to accept the responsibility, and some \$40,000 of J. R. C. funds was spent for saxophones, clari-



Here is a scene from "Americans All," the Pan American pageant written by Hinsdale, Illinois, JRC members. They made all the "props" for the stage setting. (See note at left)

nets, mouth organs, flutes, trumpets, cornets, violins, small guitars, sets of traps, small drums, ocarinas, ukuleles.

Now the men can organize bands or orchestras of their own, to help relieve the monotony and strain of life in a prison camp.



THE STATE SCHOOL for the Blind in Vancouver, Washington, is taking an active part in Red Cross Camp and Hospital Service Council activities these days. Plans are under way now for the making of murals, bulletin boards and posters for the Army hospital (Barnes General Hospital) at Vancouver.



AT EASTER TIME, J. R. C. members are busy preparing holiday favors for hospitalized and for able-bodied men of our armed forces, as well as for children in local hospitals. Nearly 300 articles were made by the Wayne, Pennsylvania, Elementary School for children in the Philadelphia Hospital for Contagious Diseases. Included were woven baskets filled with Easter eggs, ducks and bunnies with lollipops, plants with lollipop "flowers," gaily decorated Easter carts, peanut animals and a paper steam engine.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION



The Clocks That Could Not Tick

Constance Savery

Pictures by Aline Appel

PUNCH was getting better from an illness. All around him in the clock shop the clocks ticked and ticked and ticked till Punch grew tired of hearing them. "Uncle Paul," said Punch, "I do wish I lived in a house where the clocks couldn't tick."

But Uncle Paul had lived in the clock shop all his life, and his father and several grandfathers had lived there before him.

"Why, it's a comfortable sound, child," he said.

"There's too much of it," said Punch.

Uncle Paul looked at Punch thoughtfully for a minute. Then he went out into the kitchen to talk to his housekeeper, Mary-Martha Blackthorn.

That afternoon a horse and trap came to the head of Plum Alley, and Uncle Paul and Punch went for a drive into the country.

"Where are we going?" asked Punch.

"To a place where you won't hear the clocks tick," answered Uncle Paul. "Mary-Martha thinks that you ought to have some country air, so I am going to leave you with your Aunt Hepzibah in Marton Green for a month."

Punch was pleased.

"Aren't there any clocks in Aunt Hepzibah's house, Uncle Paul?"

"There are plenty of clocks, but they can't tick," said Uncle Paul.

Punch did not understand what Uncle Paul meant, but he was too tired to ask questions. They drove on through sandy lanes deep in hawthorn and cow-parsley,



"Why, it isn't a clock at all! It's a real cuckoo"

and over moorlands covered with brown heather and golden gorse. They came at last to Fennel Farm, where Aunt Hepzibah lived with her husband and her children, big Thomas and young Judy.

Aunt Hepzibah put Punch to bed at once in a room with a low ceiling, a white bed, and flowery curtains blowing in the night breeze. Next morning, he sat up in bed with a start, thinking that he had heard the cuckoo clock on the stairs at home. Yes, there it was again—cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

"Why, it isn't a clock at all!" said Punch to himself. "It's a real, live cuckoo!"

Through the long, low window he could see the red morning sun rising out of the sea. Soon a lark sang with the cuckoo, and the waves began to splash higher and higher on the ridge of sea pebbles. Somewhere in the distance Punch heard his Cousin Judy singing a song she had learned at school:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!"

No clock had struck, no clock had ticked, but the sun and the cuckoo and the lark and the tide and Judy's song all served instead of clocks. Punch jumped out of bed in a hurry. When he came downstairs, breakfast was ready in the farm kitchen. There was a clock on the mantelpiece, but it had stopped.

"It's been wrong for weeks," said Aunt Hepzibah. "I ought to have asked your Uncle Paul to mend it last night, but somehow I forgot. When he comes to fetch you home, I'll ask him."

"Haven't you any other clocks?" said Punch.

"Never a one," said Aunt Hepzibah, "except your uncle's watch, and it's broken, too. We don't need your kind of clocks in the country. We've clocks of other kinds."

"Uncle Paul said that you had clocks that couldn't tick," said Punch. "What did he mean? Where are they?"

Aunt Hepzibah laughed a jolly laugh. "All round you, Punch, everywhere you look! Bless you, boy, before you go back to Oddwich, you'll have learned to tell the time by many a clock that doesn't tick."

But she would not explain what she meant, so Punch ate his breakfast without asking any more questions. After breakfast he and Judy went down to the water-meadows to gather cresses. They stayed there playing in a sea of white daisies and gold buttercups until Judy

began to feel hungry. "It must be time for dinner," she said. "We'll find out the time by a dandelion clock."

The dandelion clock said that it was dinnertime, so home they went. After dinner they played on the beach, where there were no dandelion clocks. But when the cattle came out of the sea-meadows and marched home by themselves to the farm, Judy knew that it must be four o'clock and milkingtime; and when a cackling and quacking broke out in the farmyards, she said that it would be teatime as soon as the ducks and hens had been fed. And when the sun sank in a red ball behind the pine woods, bedtime had come.

"Well," said Aunt Hepzibah as she tucked Punch up that night, "did you find out what clocks we use—clocks that can't tick?"

"Yes, I did," said Punch. "You use the sun, and the cuckoo, and the lark, and dandelion clocks, and high tide, and ebb tide, and milkingtime, and feeding time. Are there any more?"

"Indeed there are," answered Aunt Hepzibah. "There's a sundial in Dr.



Aunt Hepzibah laughed. "Bless you, boy, there are lots of clocks that don't tick! You'll see."

Strowger's garden that tells time as prettily as you please, and there's an hourglass that the Reverend uses when he's preaching—and he goes on preaching till every drop of sand has run clean out, I can tell you! And there's a water clock in Mr. Watling's house that's a great curiosity, too. And—"

"There's the floral clock in the Duchess's pleasance, Mother," said Judy, putting her head round the door.

"Hush now, Judy," said Aunt Hepzibah. "Punch won't be able to see the floral clock in the Duchess's pleasure park, so it's no use telling him about it."

"He could, Mother, if the Duchess wasn't such a dreadful old crosspatch," said Judy. "She is the crossest old lady in the whole of Marton Green, Punch, and every one is afraid of her."

"I've seen her," said Punch. "Just before I came here, another lady brought her to our shop, and she told Uncle Paul that she was coming again quite soon to buy herself a clock. What is her floral clock like?"

"Now, now; you go off to sleep like a good boy," said Aunt Hepzibah. "Don't you think any more about that clock; for the Duchess won't let children into her pleasance, not she!"

In the morning Judy explained that the floral clock was made of flowers that opened and shut at different hours of the

day. It was an even greater curiosity than the hourglass, the sundial, and the water clock.

"I wish I could see it," said Punch. "I'd like to tell Uncle Paul that I had seen all the clocks that can't tick."

Judy put her finger to her lip.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't tell anyone. I will take you to see it. There is a gap in the park railings, and there is a hole in the beech hedge round the pleasance . . ."

They had to wait till Saturday; for the Duchess's park and pleasure grounds were so far from Fennel Farm that they had no time to walk there on other days.

When they went on Saturday, they could not find the gap in the railings. They tried three times; but the dandelion clocks called them home to dinner, the farm-yard clocks called them home to tea, and the sun clock called them home to bed, before they had found the gap.

The next Saturday they found the gap in the railings; but though they wandered round and round the park, they could not find the hole in the beech hedge. And by next Saturday they had forgotten where the gap was.

But on the fourth Saturday they found first the gap and then the hole, as easily as possible. Punch was glad; for this was to be the last day of his visit to Fennel Farm. He was as brown as damp sea sand and he had grown as sturdy as an



They stayed there playing in a sea of white daisies

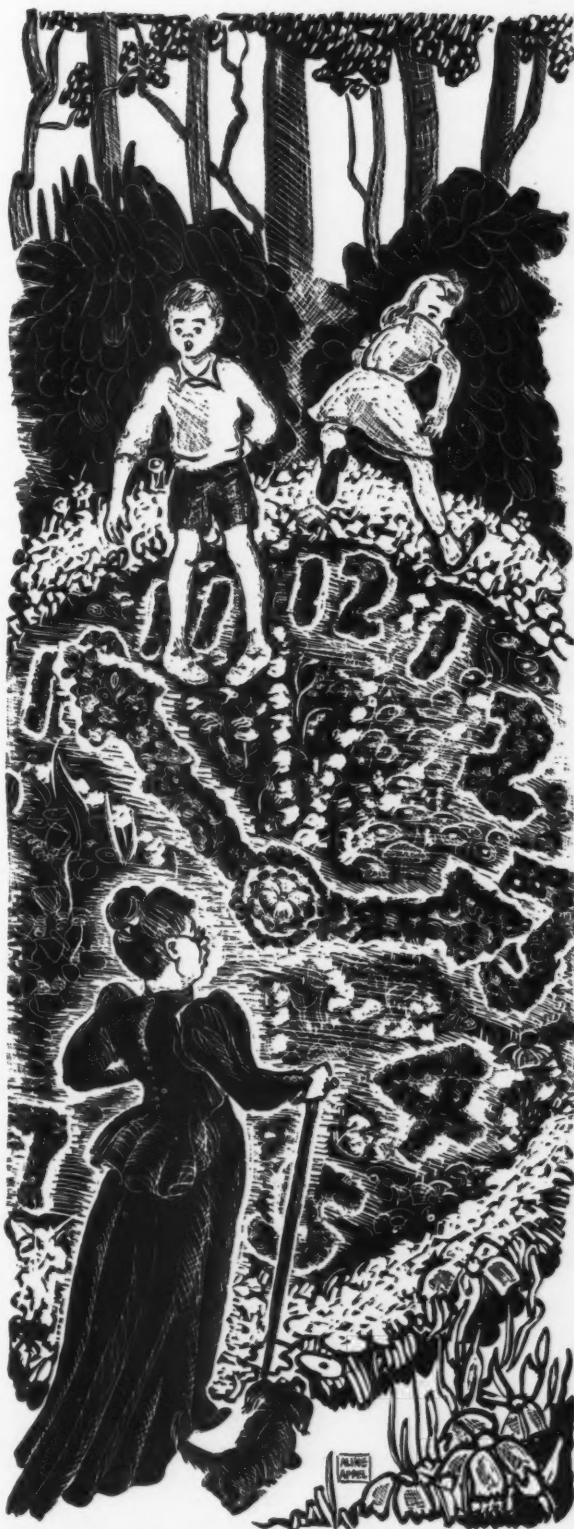
oak sapling. That evening Uncle Paul was coming to take him home.

They crept into the Duchess's pleasure ground, and Judy led the way to the floral clock. There it lay in the very center of the pleasure ground, a great stone-rimmed circle, with stone radii to mark the divisions into twelve hours. In each of the hours, bloomed flowers of all kinds. Some were open, and some were already fast shut, though it was still mid-afternoon by the other clocks that could not tick. They were red and they were blue, and they were yellow, crimson, and pink. "Oh, what a lovely clock!" cried Punch. "Look, Judy, look! Here are some flowers exactly like the flowers on Uncle Paul's newest clock! He has just made a clock inside a china clock case that he designed himself—all purple and white violet faces growing close together with only green leaves between. It's the most beautiful clock he has ever made—and look, there are the violets! See them there in FOUR o'clock—purple and white like the clock case!"

Judy came running to see. She slipped on the grass path that ran round the floral clock, caught Punch's arm, and fell, dragging him with her. They both tripped over the stone rim and fell headlong into the bed of purple and white violas, where they lay sprawling, unable to find their feet for surprise and confusion.

Suddenly Judy gave a scream. "Punch! The Duchess! Run!"

With one wild leap she was out of FOUR o'clock, and running her hardest to the hole in the hedge. Punch scrambled to his feet and started to run. Then he was saying to himself, "I mustn't run. I must stop here and tell her that



Suddenly Judy gave a scream. "Punch! The Duchess! Run!" And with a wild leap she fled to the hedge

I'm sorry. If I run away she will send her gardeners to catch us—and when she knows who I am, she will never come back to the clock shop to buy the clock she promised to buy. But if I stop here and tell her I'm sorry, perhaps she won't be angry with Uncle Paul. I must stop here and tell her I'm sorry; I must stop here."

The Duchess's dress rustled, and her amber-headed walking-stick tapped nearer and nearer till it clicked against the rim of the floral clock.

"Well, young man, why didn't you run away, too?" asked the Duchess in a sharp, cracked voice.

"Because of Uncle Paul's clock," said Punch, whispering.

"I don't understand," said the Duchess. "Explain, please. And have the goodness to get off my precious flowers before you begin any explanations. Do you realize that you have completely ruined FOUR o'clock?"

"I am very sorry, Your Grace," said Punch. "I stayed here to tell you that I was sorry."

"And why did you do that, may I ask?" said the Duchess, crossly.

"Because I thought that if I ran away, you wouldn't buy a clock from Uncle Paul," explained Punch. "Paul Westerby, the clockmaker in Oddwich," he added, seeing that the Duchess did not yet understand.

"Ah!" said the Duchess. "And did you want to run away? Were you very much afraid of staying?"

"Yes, Your Grace," said Punch. "I did, and I was."

"You needn't have been afraid," said the Duchess. "My bark is worse than my bite. Why did you come to my park?"

She seemed quite friendly, really.

Then Punch told her about the clocks that could not tick, and about his wish to see the floral clock, and about the purple and white clock that Uncle Paul had made.

"H'mph!" said the Duchess. "Well, since you have spoiled my violets in the clock that can't tick, I shall have to buy myself some more violets on a clock that can tick, I suppose. Give your good uncle my compliments and tell him that I shall call at his clock shop, on Monday morning next between the hours of eleven and twelve to buy his flowery clock—and I hope it will keep better time than this clock at your feet. It couldn't keep worse! And you may also tell him that I forgave your prying and prowling for the sake of your courage in not running away. Now you may take a flower from each hour of the clock, to remember me by; and then you may go home."

So Punch went back to Oddwich that evening with a rainbow bunch of flowers in his hand, the gift of the Duchess. As he drove away with Uncle Paul, the world was full of clocks that could not tick. The red sun was sinking, the lark was carolling, the hens and ducks were cackling and quacking, the cows were mooing, and the tide was washing home. On the stile sat Judy, singing her morning song:

... My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Long after her song had died away, they could still hear the voice of another clock that could not tick. Over wood and field and meadow it was calling CUCKOO, CUCKOO, CUCKOO!

British

THANK YOU all very much for my American Junior Red Cross gift box. I have had a lot of fun with my paints and 57 marbles.

Thank you, too, for soap, but I do not like washing behind my ears. Do you? Do you like my snap taken on my 6th birthday in Gran's garden?

We were blitzed out of our Willesden home in September 1940. We had a wine shop, and I like London better than the country.

With Victory Greetings,
Peter Derek Chapman.

Thank you very much for the toys and sweets. It is very hard to get sweets here. My daddy is a fireman at Southampton. My name is Jennifer Carr. It is very nice writing to you. I live in Winchester. I have no brothers or sisters. I hope you have plenty of brothers and sisters.

I would like to see all you American children. Good-bye for now.

Love,
Jennifer

Thank you for the nice box of presents you sent me. I like all the things and play with the marbles a lot.

I like having the crayons, too. I have drawn a cowboy and Donald Duck.

Your friend,
Ronnie Colen



Here is Peter Derek Chapman on his 6th birthday, with his cat "Winston." Peter's letter is on this page

Thanks

It was very exciting to get something all the way from America. Every boy at our hostel had a box of presents.

We are all looking forward to the summer when we can go swimming.

Best wishes from your friend,

John Payne

We were all very glad to have Christmas presents from you. I hope that some day I may have the pleasure of doing something for you all in return.

The River Severn is sparkling past our school. Soon we will be gathering primroses and violets from down the lanes.

I hope to come to America some day for a trip and see the tall skyscrapers of New York.

Good-bye and good luck.

Eleanor Richards

I received your parcel in safety. I thank you very much for the sweets because they are very scarce. I have been in Llanidloes in Wales for three years now. This week it has been warm, and the sun is shining like gold.

It is beautiful in the country to see the little birds making their nests and the little lambs playing in the fields.

The other day we went up a hill called Gorn Hill and saw a toad. There was a car coming, so we put it in a ditch for safety.

Your friend,
Glyn Roberts

PACIFIC OCEAN

OCEAN

THE V

MAP
OF
NORTH AND CENTRAL
AMERICA

MEX

GUATEMALA
EL SALVADOR

CUBA

NICARAGUA

CUBA

PUERTO RICO

ATLANTIC OCEAN

THE EAST

HUDSON
LAW

FOUNDLAND



